

Omen number eleven:

Russian scientists developed a process for producing the perfect nerve gas from wheat sold them by the U. S. government.

Omen number twelve:

One man was found to own all of the money in the world. He burnt it all.

Omen number thirteen:

Three hundred and sixty-two people, while zipping their flies or snapping their bras, had an original thought. Not one ran to a church or talking doctor to beg forgiveness.

Omen number fourteen:

Walt Whitman was found to have in his closet, a large puppet whose strings he had cut off. The puppet, on closer examination, was found to be God.

— Richard Beer

Cherry Point, N. C.

A Passionate Discerning

I do not hate your speaking
of everyday. What I hate
is your riddle made crown of
crisis. All your glitter — cold.

I do not hate your body
jerky with the rope attached
cunningly to navel: No!
I hate your gift of guideline
into any clumsy hands.

I do not hate the air that
bears you from mystery to
mystery (ineffable
womb to womb). What I can't stand
is the doldrum breeze that heats
our closed space and my body
with tedium. And nothing.

— Sam Bradley

Honeybrook, Pa.

